





and individualism, though its image and name are enshrined in the philosophy that every American inherits at birth or has thrust upon him on entrance, is in truth judged in by the most crippling of conventions.

Moreover, there is always an element of cruelty when individualism is logically acted out: the American's instinct

is to think well of everybody and to wish everybody well, but in a spirit of rough comradeship, expecting every man to stand on his own legs and to be helpful in his turn. When he has given his neighbour a chance he thinks he has done enough for him; but he feels it an absolute duty to do that. It will take some humming to drive a coddling socialism into America.

("Materialism and Idealism in American Life")

Santayana's own attitude here is elusive: there is doubtless approval and satisfaction in his sense of the instinctive generosity of attitude; but if Santayana knew anything of the ruthlessness of material exploitation in the later decades of the nineteenth century, he could hardly be happy with simply giving one's neighbour a chance—for one's neighbour may not be, and often was not, as strong as one is oneself; and the "chance" in such circumstances becomes a mockery. Yet, "coddling socialism"—the adjective seems inescapably to identify Santayana with hostility or contempt for the welfare state, for anything which would bridge rugged individualism, or soften it.

This elusiveness and ambiguity, with the impression it gives the reader that he is standing on continually shifting ground, is characteristic of all Santayana's writing about America. At least negatively, however, Santayana's knack of isolating and concentrating on essentials in national character is remarkable. The detachment of his observation was obviously enhanced by his always being something of a foreigner wherever he was. Professor Henfrey is right to emphasize Santayana's Spanishness: during forty years in America he never gave up his Spanish citizenship or his sense of being a European, though he had not lived in Europe since he was nine. But for all his pure Spanish blood and his obvious attraction to his homeland, he could see it too with a detachment possible only to one who had accustomed himself to looking in from the outside. Professor Henfrey describes Santayana's aim in America as being similar to Arnold's—"to reveal a society to itself from an outside viewpoint, to bring other standards to bear than the self-confirming ones it is used to". But Santayana was permanently outside in a way that Arnold never was: with all his wit and elegance, Arnold never escapes from the sense of urgency that came from his being himself intimately and practically involved in his own subject.

Santayana is by contrast remote—detached not only from the special

character and circumstances of American life, but especially after his escape from Harvard) careful to avoid limiting commitments and involvements of all kinds. For him, philosophy is necessarily devalued and distorted—not, as one might hope, given real currency—by being made part of the common language of men. Culture is a way of escaping from and showing oneself superior to society—it is "a triumph of the individual over society". It is not a way of living life to the full, but of separating oneself from life, gathering its private collection of curiosities, much as amateurs stock their museums with fragments of ancient works.

"an aroma inhaled by those who walked in the evening in the garden of life" (see "Liberalism and Culture"). There are moments when Santayana suggests the world of Gilbert Osmond; and he was right to insist on his nearness to Pater, even if he called him an enthusiast for the irresponsibly beautiful. There is not much sense of "responsibility" in Santayana's conception of culture.

To such criticism Santayana would very likely reply that he never said there was and was certainly not committing himself to a life of "culture", and indeed saw every reason not to view life as restricted to the circumstances of human life on earth; keeping himself detached from the limitations of practice might seem an essential condition for keeping a sense of the ideal unimpaired. But it is a serious drawback of such a viewpoint that it is bound to express the ideal largely in negatives: Santayana's hostile, destructive criticism is much more interesting and persuasive than his relatively few attempts to create a positive sense of what he believes in and acts by.

From the well-known "Poetry of Barbarism", the reader will probably get the impression that Santayana knows what civilization is, though he might find it hard to put it into words that do more than delimit qualities which Santayana's two subjects do not possess. Whitman, we read, made no place for thought in his poetry, failed altogether to keep in mind a higher standard by which to judge common life, was quite without any principle of selection; Browning likewise displays a failure in rationality, an indifference to perfection, for him no ideal truly exists. All these criticisms are just and well merited—they were made as early as 1900, and nothing has come to supplant or supersede them. Nor, within the context of this splendid essay, does one need more than a reminder of what is missing to identify the shortcomings of the two poets. Yet when, feeling the need to move onward and seek more solid sustenance, we ask for a positive statement of what all these absent qualities make in sum, we get the relatively restricted field of the Italian poets' ability to turn love from a passion into the energy of contemplation dif-

fused over the universe, or generalizations which fail to take fire:

It is in the subsoil of uniformity, of tradition, of dire necessity that human welfare is rooted, together with wisdom and intellect and art, and the flowers of culture that do not draw their sap from that soil are only paper flowers.

("Liberalism and Culture")

What is definite here, and within limits specific, is Santayana's belief in the importance of tradition, though a curiously discordant note is struck by "uniformity", an aesthetic epigram and a vital bore; also, we read nothing of how tradition is or can be embodied and recreated in contemporary life, or how it informs wisdom and unadorned art before it are divided into the vapour of metaphor which with Santayana so often does duty for reasoned argument.

Santayana in fact gives the reader altogether too much excuse to interpret his devotion to civilization in terms involving a refusal to commit ideals to the hard test of daily living, too many occasions to suppose that it is adequately expressed in the elegancies of a cult of style. Santayana's style is likely to be one of the chief stumbling-blocks to the well-intentioned reader seeking to come to grips with his thought. It is a highly manufactured style and a highly opaque one, created, as it seems, as a work of art in its own right—not a medium, but itself an object of perception and attention, full of tricks and intricacies and sudden exposures which puzzle and tense the reader without in the end much illuminating their ostensible theme.

The style is one which at times actively obscures or even prevents thought:

Our logical thoughts dominate experience only as the parallels and meridians make a checkerboard of the sea. They guide our voyage without controlling the waves, which rise for ever in spite of our ability to toss over them to our chosen ends. Sanity is madness put to good uses; waking life is a dream controlled.

("The Elements and Function of Poetry")

This prose gives the impression that the substructure exists for the sake of the froth of metaphor above it. It is a vicious prose, from which it is indeed possible to extract a vague sense of what the author is talking about, but in which the metaphor so swamps the thought that it is impossible to read it as a creative expression of fact conceals not thought but the absence of thought, for which a vague moving is substituted: clear conceptual thought can always express itself in articulate language, for such thought must be formed in language and should not tolerate inarticulacy simply because the words are fluent. No one who was seriously concerned for the relevance of his images or to communicate his thought clearly and directly could have committed him-

self to such an effusion of self-perpetuating imagery. (Nor can it be excused by calling it "poetic", for it is the language, if of any, only of bad poetry. As for the concluding epigrams, the self-conscious paradox of self-defeating, leaving one with a sense of truism contradictorily expressed or intention unrealized in fact.)

Even where he has not wholly hidden his thought in decorative dress, Santayana seems unable to resist the compulsion to add an image on:

The intellect of Lucretius rises, but rises comparatively empty; his vision sees things as a whole, and in their right places, but sees very little of them; he is quite deaf to their intricacy, to their bird-like multiform little souls.

("Three Philosophical Poets")

What does Santayana think is achieved by his bird-like appendix? The fine judgment on Lucretius has received its complete statement in abstract conceptual terms which are wholly appropriate to it: no one who has not understood the abstract statement will receive any clearer or more vivid impression from the frilly addition at the end, whose only function indeed seems to be limited to providing the occasion for a sweet little sound-picture of Santayana's own which follows. It is tempting to apply to Santayana an observation of his about Bergson:

He uses the French language... in the manner of the more recent artists in words, retaining the precision of phrase and the measured judgments which are traditional in French literature, yet managing to envelop everything in a penumbral of emotional suggestion. Each expression of an idea is complete in itself; yet these expressions are often varied and constantly metaphorical, so that we are led to feel that much of that idea has remained unexpressed and is indeed inexpressible.

("The Philosophy of Henri Bergson")

To a philosopher an idea that is inexpressible is not, truly speaking, an idea; and this certainly seems to be the case with the quotation above from "The Elements and Function of Poetry", with the additional limitation that the emotional suggestiveness of Santayana's imagery largely remains private and impalpable. But the idea about Lucretius has found clear and adequate expression, and is only fussed up by irrelevant imagery.

At times, however, Santayana seems actually to be using a semi-private language. When, for example, he speaks of a man being "sometimes a coloured and sometimes a clear medium for the energies he exerts" (*Reason in Society*), it may seem that there is nothing more alarming here than an incipient image that has got out of control; for how could a man be both a medium for energy to pass through and the agent of the energy? But in an author who can apparently use the word "prurient" to mean hypocritical or fraudulent, one cannot be sure. The passage just cited goes on:

When a thought conveyed or a work

done enters alone into the consciousness, no friendship is made; it is always the case when the dead; if by his reasoning explanation or conviction, a new work he performed.

The frustrated reader, after putting together haphazardly, and end decide that it is more necessary connectives than necessary. The philosophical may sense a resemblance to the stiffer passages, in which a similar problem of presents itself; but there is Santayana's case an equivalent of the difficulties and struggle to express or form, difficult and complex thought.

This passage comes from *The Life of Reason*, which is not the most appropriate of Santayana's earlier work. In 1930 he could say in a letter to Professor Henfrey: "I have the greatest pains to be clear, but language but in thought, I am sure that he did not know, I am sure he presented to his readers? It seems hard at first; yet to a man so habitually seen and is full of living in his own thought, linguistic insulation was almost inevitable outcome of Santayana's sense of not being anywhere he actually had more unattractive expression is the superior attitude of James complained, and often makes itself felt.

Even the celebrated wit enough at times, it is likely to have a dry supercilious air characteristic of Santayana's ences to things he feels he through before other people. Many must seem insulting to traits, though shrewd and essentially there is no sympathy in them, the understanding of touched by living warmth; they manage to convey a having been written with a serious awareness of distant human weakness.

In public affairs this takes the form of detached ment at the absurdity of political issues, seriously become involved in them. The civilized mind, when through a lifetime and a lifetime and consolidated through and opportunities created by living, is almost bound to some trivializing of experience may take the direction of a hand of aestheticism, or the of a more or less open sympathy. It is quite a achieve both at once, but the Santayana who wrote a paper of the 1930s like the digger in *Hanley* was also who reacted to a plea for the ing of "the heterogeneous

make up [American] life" by Why not enjoy moral Why not, that is, in the of Santayana's earlier distinction in turn to one set of after another? Is this a life cause? Santayana's ideals seem commendable, this clearly cannot be to imply that the ideal in necessary connectives may sense a resemblance to the stiffer passages, in which a similar problem of presents itself; but there is Santayana's case an equivalent of the difficulties and struggle to express or form, difficult and complex thought.

M. Bergson has neither good nor right, nor candour, not a brilliant attempt to conceive of experience by reducing it to the level of primitive living, in the path of discipline and it is likely to prove a successful because it flatters the weak- course" he inclines to view a writer's work rather than expose himself to it, and... is seldom at a loss to find the level of his response: we rarely detect in that response the smallest sign of felt inadequacy.

This limitation is felt strongly when he writes of dramatic art and is the more disappointing in view of the excellent things Santayana has to say on the place and function of art in society, a function which he in fact sees as naturally dramatic. Art has in his eyes a meaning and significance of quite breathtaking breadth:

What makes progress possible is that rational action may leave traces in nature, such that nature in consequence furnishes a better basis for the Life of Reason; in other words, progress is art bettering the conditions of experience... Art, in establishing instruments for human life beyond the human body, and moulding outer things in sympathy with inner values, establishes a ground where values continually spring up; the thicket that protects from today's rain will last and keep out tomorrow's rain also; the sign that once expresses an idea will serve to recall it in future.

(*Reason in Art*)

Here surely, one thinks, is a sane and humane view of progress which is empty and brings no lasting satisfaction if it is not a progress in the humanizing of man. It is true that many people, asked to identify the means by which the conditions of existence are bettered and "new instruments, unknown to nature, are offered to each individual for his better equipment", might think first of all of religion or of logic and perhaps especially scientific thought; and one would wonder how far Santayana, in broadening his sense of art and giving it the cream of science and philosophy, is emptying the word of its meaning. But he maintains the essential relationship between art and the creation of value, of a "humaner school" of human endeavour, without which art is the mere fancy of individual consciousness. Even so, the critical reader may ask whether he has been given more here than a sense of general uplift: "moulding outer things into sympathy with inner values"—yes, one has the general sense that art ought to be doing something like this, with its hint that the outer world ought somehow to be an expression of what really counts for us.

But in one humiliating sense the outer world, so far as we are responsible for moulding it, cannot but be an expression of what we value, of what we are prepared to stake our money on. Santayana, of course, is not talking about that; but when we ask how, more precisely, art better the conditions of existence for the multitudes who pay it no very flattering attention, we find ourselves shunted off into an image whose intended relevance we cannot immediately guess, and are therefore perhaps inclined to shrug the whole thing off with a reflection along the lines of E. M. Forster's complaint against Conrad:

Is there not a central obscurity, something noble, heroic, beautiful, inspiring half a dozen great books; but obscure, obscure? Conrad, Forster grumbles, "is always promising to make some general philosophical statement about the universe, and then refraining with a grail disclaimer". With Santayana there seems at times to be nothing but general philosophic statements about the universe.

standards were essentially unchanged, and so the players were Elizabethan dress and talked in contemporary London images and idiom. We know so much more about the past that we cannot tolerate anachronisms and misunderstand their place in old plays. So that when Anouilh brings the Theban story up to date with guns and motor-cars, to force upon his audience its eternal verity, all we are likely to be conscious of is that he is being artful and modern; the deliberate and calculated modernization alienates the past even more effectively than the encapsulation in historiography.

Clear though this insight is, Santayana is elsewhere curiously limited in his sense of particular figures of the past by fixed habits of perception which markedly narrow his vision and prevent his seeing more than he expects to. As Professor Henfrey very pertinently observes,

Santayana's response to literature was restricted by his theory of art; he oversimplified the nature of creative genius because he had an insufficient sense of its scope. Poets for him were "discourse", he inclines to view a writer's work rather than expose himself to it, and... is seldom at a loss to find the level of his response: we rarely detect in that response the smallest sign of felt inadequacy.

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his work as a whole. His obscurity seems and this is its most bothersome aspect to be an obscurity of withdrawal from the specific. If his thought is precise, he has not, it seems, found an adequate vehicle for it—perhaps because he has not brought the problems of expression directly to bear on the formation of his concepts at the earliest possible stage, so that they remain for too long as beautiful mist in the brain. At moments the sun comes through with a clarity that is all the more dazzling in being unprepared for.

In a thoroughly humanized society everything—clothes, speech, manners, government—is a work of art, being so done as to be a pleasure and a stimulus in itself.

But then the cloud returns, and we look in vain for some indication of how such ideas can be applied to life. "Feeling, where it is profound", Professor Henfrey finely says, "is an expression of intelligence, not an escape from it." But in Santayana's formal work, the expression is often so oblique and passes through so many generalizing removes, that the feeling appears refined to the point where it can hardly be recognized as feeling at all. Santayana represents a curious triumph of civilization bought at the cost of a withdrawal which in the end makes communication nearly impossible. For civilization is only worthy in so far as it perfects the art of daily living. In default of this, it must itself be the ground of decadence and the occasion of rivalry.

As Rajah Amar bluntly put it in L. H. Myers's *The Near and the Far*.

At what point between barbarism and decadence does civilization reign? If a civilized community be defined as one where you find aesthetic preoccupations, subtle thought, and polished intercourse, is civilization necessarily desirable? As aesthetic preoccupations are not inconsistent with a wholly inadequate conception of the range and power of art; thought may be subtle and yet trivial; and polished intercourse may be singularly uninteresting.

This is not to suggest that Santayana would have found much congenial company at the court of Prince Danyial. But it is his weakness, or perhaps rather his misfortune, to appear to ally himself uncomfortably often with an aspect of European civility open to Myers's criticism. He will certainly continue to upset many readers, who, instead of being challenged to formulate their own criticism precisely and so to become more clear-headed and exacting about their own standards of civilization and judgment, may feel only the more inclined to turn away and defend what they are used to. This would be a pity for Santayana's greatest value for the twentieth century seems to lie in his ability to analyse social situations from the standpoint of a philosopher, so that issues that may be remote in place and time are perceived as in some way present and relevant in a contemporary situation.

This is why an essay such as "English Liberty in America" continues to be so rewarding after the conditions have given rise to it have in some degree passed away. If the failure to connect is often to be laid at Santayana's door this detachment and generalizing power being bought at the cost of a nearly fatal withdrawal, the fault must as often be in the reader's unwillingness to disturb his own self-satisfaction or self-esteem. "It seems to me pre-eminently desirable", George Eliot once observed, "that we should learn not to make our personal comfort a standard of truth." Too rapid a dismissal of Santayana ought to make an Englishman uncomfortably aware of how treacherously easy just this betrayal of truth may be.

Dr. C. Reedijk, Director of the Royal Library at The Hague, who is the James P. R. Lyell, Reader in Bibliography at Oxford University, will give his Lyell Lectures on "The Labours of Hercules: Some Observations on the History of Erasmus's *Opera Omnia*" at 5 p.m., on May 14, 16, 19, 21 and 23, in the St. Cross Building, Oxford.

Two of Professor Bruce Dickinson's Sandars Lectures at Cambridge, announced in these columns last week, have been cancelled. Only the lecture due on April 25 will be given.

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Bell

upon *Samson Agonistes*. It is in the middle, according to the late Professor Parker's chronology, which is perhaps too readily accepted. Indeed if there is a weakness in the introduction, it is the tendency to brush aside the opposition (and sometimes the majority) on matters of scholarship which remain in dispute. There may be cogent objections to special Milton spellings, for example, but it is at least premature to say that "the issue seems as settled now as any in literary criticism". When it comes to the numerical interpretation of *Paradise Lost*, Mr. Fowler does admit that the question is "doubtful". But he then proceeds to three pages of numerical exposition in which he neither displays any doubt nor calls attention to the doubts of others. Three pages, which follow on chronology, are really numerology under a different heading. And less than adequate attention is given to more settled matters such as the structure of the poem, or to such basic questions as free will and foreknowledge. There are five pages on Milton's God, but Satan, Adam and Eve are only dealt with in passing, and nothing is said about the view of history developed in the last book.

If Milton used numerical patterns, it would be surprising if he used them in *Paradise Lost* alone. An edition of the collected poems provides felicitous opportunities for cross-chimings but here it becomes apparent that Mr. Carey's enthusiasms are not those of Mr. Fowler. We are therefore spared the discovery that since the number of the beast which is the number of a man is 666, the 667th line of *Samson Agonistes* is "God of our Fathers, what is man!" Even *Lycidas*, which is probably the most accessible of all Milton's poems to numerical analysis, is dealt with conventionally by Mr. Carey.

The text for each of the poems is the last edition published in Milton's lifetime. There are twenty-three relatively important occasions on which a choice is involved between the 1667 and 1674 versions of the text of *Paradise Lost*. On nine of these occasions the editors have preferred the 1667 reading. The main editorial innovation is to reproduce "old punctuation" with what is described as "diplomatic faithfulness", while abandoning "old spelling". This half-and-half policy will almost certainly be disputed but, given its adoption, a note on seventeenth-century punctuation would have helped.

Those familiar with the complexities and indecisions of Milton scholarship know how formidable a task it is to prepare an adequately annotated edition of the poems. Mr. Carey and Mr. Fowler have tackled this task with zest and discrimination as well as with perseverance. For several years to come their work will be indispensable to both scholars and students.

The lectures on *Paradise Lost* delivered at York University were the idea of Mr. C. A. Patrides, again an Oxford Miltonist, who wrote *Milton and the Christian Tradition* (1966), the best book so far on Milton's theology (presumably it was published too late to be used by Mr. Carey and Mr. Fowler). *Approaches to "Paradise Lost"* is easily the best of the tercentenary volumes to date and nearly everything in it deserves to be printed. The most important contribution is J. B. Trapp's essay on the iconography of the fall. Though Mr. Trapp is diffident in interpreting the evidence, it is evident that Milton's treatment, in which Adam faces Eve alone, away from the tree and after the "guilty serpent" has slunk "back to the thicket", has not only no literary precedent but also no precedent in the visual arts. Its *raison d'être* can consequently be approached with the knowledge that no distractions are possible.

## Specks of candour

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: *Jugend in Wien*. Edited by Theresa Nickl and Heinrich Schnitzler. 384pp. Vienna: Molden. DM26.

At the time of his death in 1931 Arthur Schnitzler's plays and prose works were known throughout Europe and beyond, but it is clear that he had always been generally misunderstood. It has taken the Schnitzler revival of the past decade to do some sort of justice to the scope of his works. The view of the author as a *fin de siècle* hedonist has been discredited, and one now wonders how it was possible not to recognize the moralist, whose sympathy with his "all too human" characters never obscures his judgments. But proper textual analysis clearly had an uphill struggle against those who would not distinguish between the viewpoint of the author and that of his figures, and against those for whom lightness of touch, grace and wit necessarily belated shallow.

It is sad for posterity that Arthur Schnitzler's autobiography, a chance for further vindication, remains a fragment. The author had planned a work of large proportions to be called *Leben und Nachklang: Werk und Widerhall*, but the uncompleted account to the age of twenty-eight could scarcely bear so portentous a title. The more sentimental one of *Jugend in Wien*, chosen by the editor's son for this first edition of the autobiography, seems a doubtful solution: the work is anything but sentimental. It is also possible that the title will arouse expectations of a treatment of Vienna around 1890 which is not forthcoming. There are, it is true, indications of the way in which Schnitzler's life is typical of the professional and leisured classes of an era, but the book is largely taken up with personal details and is peopled by few figures of lasting interest to students of the period.

One matter of historical substance does, however, find mention: the growing anti-Semitism in Vienna, later to provide a theme for Schnitzler's novel *Der Weg ins Freie* (1907) and his play *Professor Bernhardt* (1912). Schnitzler briefly considers the Deutsch-Asterreichische Studentenschaft, a university duelling fraternity, and its infamous *Waidhofener Prinzip*. This document declared that Jews could not be challenged and might not demand satisfaction in duel on grounds of their being "from birth" without honour and devoid of every finer impulse. Karl Lueger, later mayor of Vienna, is also touched on, but the dangerous extremism of Schnitzler is not mentioned. On the whole, the backcloth of Vienna has few sharp contours but many specks of colour: here is some-

Among the others, Broadbent is perceptive at language of *Paradise Lost*, which has in the past (twelve included some of the most brilliant essays in this rather underappreciated series) to appear in England. Now Professor Perkin's own first book, *Modern English Society*, 1968, which is designed to be a study in a particular aspect of the justification of a whole field of work. It is to offer "social history" as a discipline built on a venerable discipline built on a central organizing theme, of society *qua* society, of culture in all its manifold and changing ramifications.

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The chief novelty about this presentation is Professor Perkin's definition of class. Classes began to exist, he maintains, at about the time that the word became generally used, or rather slightly earlier, when a recognizable use of the concept began to be found among eighteenth-century political and economic writers. This may seem rather like dating the existence of blood groups from the time of their definition by modern medical research workers; nevertheless it is in Ricardo, we are told, that there first appears "the invidious comparison between contributions and rewards which is the parent of class conflict" while "already in Adam Smith are the famous asides and forthright comments which could form the basis of a class war" such as "the landlords love to reap where they never sowed". There is no suggestion that such "forthright comments" might perhaps be found earlier indeed ever since the days when Adam delved and Eve span.

What is fascinating in this description is the manner in which Schnitzler has given his scenes a triple perspective: the sympathetically recreated past, the young self. Secondly, the young self reveals himself to be not so low in love, untaxed by his half-hearted in his past activities, but also only too aware of his all this. His reaction to his personality cannot have been true measure—is indicated by his entry of May 7, 1885, *Jugend in Wien*: "Warte, muss dir noch auf den Kopf, was ich dir machen will. Ich bin ein Mann." ("Wait, I will tell you what I will do to you. I am a man.")

What makes you tick? This is a third perspective set by the older Schnitzler sets his face against the mistakes of his younger self. Thus, in views expressed of Theodore Freud and Schnitzler's own psychiatry, we find examples of vast distancing man from the complex intellectual position of his youth. This is a sixty-year-old, with a long, youthful experiences, and a deeper awareness and deeper insight from the vantage-point of the autobiography an artist.

The volume is handsomely produced, with a well-printed text, sixteen plates. Its editing is very helpful: the text consists of a full chronology of life and works, notes on allusions, places and allusions, a table of contents and an appendix of names. An appendix contains two relevant unpublished letters and Friedrich Torberg's introduction, a good (if subjective) essay in which he discusses Schnitzler's work and the

## and that's how classes were born

PERKIN: *The Origins of Social History*. 1970. 466pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.16s.

Professor Perkin does little more than repeat these generalizations, and provide an outline of the economic history. The second part of the book represents its central thesis, the assertion that classes were born, as the result of the early phases of the Industrial Revolution, at a fairly specific and clearly located date, and that this birth led to the first epoch in British history in which the society was divided on class lines. Initial class hostility gave way to a *modus vivendi* between the two main classes, described as "the viable class society" of the mid-Victorian years, which lasted until the end of the book, in 1880. The last section deals with some of the factors which were by then bringing this *modus vivendi* into question, and preparing the way for Modern Society.

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The Industrial Revolution, however, brought about dramatic changes. At the end of the Great French War, "peace... brought the old society to bed of the new". So specific was the dating of this momentous birth that it is possible to refer thereafter throughout the book to "before class" as meaning any time before 1815. The birth itself is described in a remarkable extended metaphor. Pressures had been "building up for a birth, but were held in check not only by the womb of dependency, but also by the artificial pressure of the patriotic war effort"; this process continued until finally "the bawling child came tumbling forth"—assisted, with a whiff of analgesic gas (though it is not clear whether this was administered to parent or child) by the midwife of sectarian religion.

There is no serious attempt to define class, or to justify the description of eighteenth-century England as "a classless society". The structure of paternalism and deference which allowed the crucial years of the eighteenth century to proceed with the minimum of overt social conflict, and which contained the endemic violence inseparable from a dynamic and expanding economy within limits which allowed for the rapid development of trade and manufacture, is hardly examined at all. Yet surely here is one of the key questions which social historians must face if they are to offer more far-reaching social analysis to complement the work of the economic historians of early industrialization. Among the most questionable of Professor Perkin's assumptions is the assignment to the eighteenth-century landowners of what he calls the "aristocratic" as opposed to the "entrepreneurial" idea. There surely never was a more entrepreneurial landowner than were the agricultural improvers of the eighteenth century, as an examination of the literature associated with eighteenth-century enclosure will show. Land had ceased to be

purely a source of social status and rental income. It was also a major source of profit. But we are left with the picture of the landowners emerging as an aristocratic upper class at the same time as the entrepreneurs, emerge in conflict with them as a middle class.

The complexity of social classifications is continually masked by the fact that none but a most superficial definition of class is offered. The Marxist concept is, by implication, rejected, although it is never examined or described. Throughout the book classes are represented by "ideals", which each puts forward, and by the imposition of which upon the rest of society hegemony is established. These are the aristocratic ideal (based on the code of chivalry and the concept of the gentleman, the entrepreneurial and the professional ideal—two contributions of the middle class, and the working-class ideal, rather tenuously represented by a belief in cooperation and an opposition to property. It was by the conquest of the heart, the mind, and—last and least important—the state, by the proponents of the entrepreneurial ideal, that the middle class established its dominion.

Such an extremely simplistic view of consciousness can only be sustained by confining the areas of intellectual argument to the narrowest of limits. It is above all to the political economists and the contributors to the nineteenth-century reviews and the provincial newspapers that Professor Perkin turns for the exemplification of the ideals of the middle class. Seldom can this class have been sold so short, even by its bitterest critics. From Priestley to Darwin, from Keats to Morris, the whole complex contribution to knowledge and to art made by the English middle class, including some of the most impassioned criticism of the entrepreneurial mentality is ignored, or is explained by a hastily constructed concept, that of the "social crank".

The idea of the social crank is produced to account for the fact that exponents of the three main "ideals" very often came from class backgrounds which might be expected to have produced adhesion to another ideal. This concept could, of course, invalidate the whole thesis of the book, for it might very well be true to say that the majority of members of the middle class put more store by birth, title and gentlemanly qualities than by the virtues of getting and spending, while it was almost certainly true that belief in "pure" co-operation of the Owenite kind, which defines the working-class ideal, existed in only a small minority of working men by the second half of the nineteenth century.

Yet even if its central thesis is not acceptable, a work of social history may often be of considerable incidental value, providing new insights into the society it describes. It is perhaps unfair that, since the best social historians have established a breadth of reference and a certainty of touch in describing their chosen periods, we have come to expect from this field of historical work a greater range of knowledge of sources than we perhaps expect from other sorts of historical writing. Professor Perkin ranges widely, but many of his quotations come through secondary works, and even weighty judgments are sometimes made on very slim authority—for example we are told that Brontë O'Brien was "a critic of capitalist society who anticipated and rivaled Marx", but the only reference to O'Brien's writing given to back up this judgment is to two goblets in Cole's and Filson's book of documentary excerpts. And it is not so much a criticism of minor inaccuracies as a suspicion of the view which he has of the whole period, to suggest that it ought simply not to be possible to make the kind of slip of the pen which makes Thomas Walker into a dissenter and John Fielden into an Evangelical.

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# Breeding violence Late Aeschylus

A. W. LINTOTT: *Violence in Republican Rome*. 233pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2 5s.

Dr. Lintott chose an admirable subject for his doctoral thesis in the University of London, of which *Violence in Republican Rome* is the outcome. Its topic is central: the integration of orderly politics in the last century of the Roman Republic. Most of the evidence is familiar to anybody who knows the period well, but there will be few honest readers who at more than one point do not ask themselves why they have not appreciated its full significance before. There is a further reason for which it is a particularly good book to place in the hands of young students: it proceeds from point to point by the process of clear, strong argument.

Proceeding from the Roman notion of self-help, Dr. Lintott shows how, to Roman thinking, there was nothing objectionable in the use of force-murder to defend a man's life or property from assault or to preserve the "liberty" of the state: killing a tyrant, for instance, was a commendable enterprise, and in Servilius Ahala's case the history books were rewritten to make it more commendable still. In politics the situation worsened steadily from the murder of Tiberius Gracchus onwards, followed by the invention of the "last decree", passed to entitle the consul to deal with C. Gracchus and given seeming respectability after his subsequent acquittal in the courts, which sanctioned beating-up and thuggery as long as it was done on the authority of the Establishment and under the command of its officers. For the introduction of the soldiery to Rome to quell disturbances was unthinkable, and there was no regular police force.

So the tottering Republic moved from crisis to crisis until Clodius—

and this is an original view, very convincingly presented, contrived the organization not of a haphazard band of a regular, well-controlled and officered band of *operarii* by which he frightened not only the mass of well-off citizens but Pompey and Caesar too. Milo replied in kind and in 52 B.C. the last desperate step was taken for the restoration of order: the army was called into Rome under Pompey, and stayed in—until Caesar issued his challenge and the civil war ensued.

In the end Dr. Lintott sums up: Moral failure did in fact contribute to the overthrow of the Roman Republic, but it lay in the choice of means more than the choice of ends. From 133 there was a progressive loss of scruple and restraint, as violence bred violence, but there had been an inherent weakness in Roman society, which was vulnerable to circumstance. The constitution was unequal to controlling violence. At the same time its use was encouraged both by tradition and principle, and politicians applied these without foreseeing the consequences.

This is a scholarly book, to be read by scholars. And in universities thoughts will naturally pass to the problems of authority in contemporary societies, where it is supported by no effective sanctions. Deprived of police or soldiery, should the authorities of universities today, confronted by unruly their own gangs from the majority of reasonable students, their own *exercitus honorum*? Should they take the trouble-makers on at their own game and hope to beat them? Sadly (or not so sadly) in the Roman Republic it was the trouble-makers who won.

Ancient history is in many ways more modern than modern history and antiquity never ceases to transmit its warning messages to the modern world. Today, from the declining Roman Republic and the declining Roman Empire alike, the messages are singularly well-beamed and singularly disconcerting.

A. F. GARVIE: *Aeschylus' "Suppliants": Play and Trilogy*. 278pp. Cambridge University Press. £3 10s.

It used to be widely believed that Aeschylus wrote the *Suppliants* early in his life, and that it represented a very early stage in his development as a poet, and even in the development of the Greek theatre. In 1952 the publication of a scrap of papyrus changed this situation at a stroke: it was a fragment of the text of an ancient scholarly introduction to the *Suppliants*, according to a production date in the 460s B.C. There are naturally a number of arguments and interpretations to be considered, but the verdict is more or less inescapable: the *Suppliants* is a comparatively late play. A few scholars have attempted to evade what they have felt to be a difficult conclusion, and a certain weight still attaches to some of the arguments and theories substantially discredited by the 1952 papyrus. The situation is an instructive example of how scholarship ought and ought not to operate. It is useful, and a relief, to have in Mr. Garvie's *Aeschylus' "Suppliants"* an exhaustive defence of the common-sense position, although the arguments in a succinct form hardly stretch further than an article. In English, for example, they were well put five years ago by Professor Lloyd-Jones, and Mr. E. Lobel in a recent publication of the papyrus did not fail to point clearly to its implications.

It is extremely difficult to study the "development" of Aeschylus; the mass of his works and their contemporary context are lost, and the study of ancient dramatic poetry is a most treacherous subject. The 1952 papyrus has exposed the arrogance and folly of many critics, each convinced in his day of perfect competence to distinguish Aeschylus the apprentice from Aeschylus the mature poet. Even if we have twenty times the evidence that we have for him, the development of a poet is not and never was a clear single line: it is rather a dialectical process. In the case of a dramatist there are other unpredictable elements: shifts in public taste which have a political and historical basis, and unrecorded ways in which the dramatist is influenced by his contemporaries. Both these elements play their part in the late pastoral plays of Shakespeare, and probably in the last work of Aristophanes. In the case of Aeschylus we do not have enough evidence to begin to make any such analysis. It may be possible with great tact to

trace the aesthetic development of a poet when the chronology of his surviving works is externally established, but to argue in the opposite direction, from literary criteria to relative chronology, requires an intuitive genius almost no one has.

It is curious to observe by hindsight that what internal evidence there is for the date of the *Suppliants* points rather towards the papyrus than away from it. Mr. Garvie does not overstrain his arguments about this, but taken together the essentially dramatic function of the chorus, the absence of trochaic tetrameter, and the presentation of Pelagos's mental turmoil do suggest a mature work. There was even an external argument for a late date independent of the 1952 papyrus. Admittedly it is not conclusive, but it is an argument of an interesting kind. It is very probable that the line in the *Suppliants* about the snow-fled origins of the Nile derives from a scientific theory proposed by Anaxagoras; Diels has argued that this theory belongs to a book which can be dated because it mentioned meteorites which fell at Aigospotami in 468-7. Mr. Garvie proceeds to discuss the trilogy in which the *Suppliants* was produced: here the 1952 papyrus is no help, and a familiar confusion

## Solid soldi

LAURA BREGLIA: *Roman Imperial Coins*. Translated by Peter Green. 236pp. Thames and Hudson. £5 5s.

There have, of late, been so many lightweight books on coins and coin collecting that it is a pleasure to encounter *Roman Imperial Coins* which, while aimed at a fairly popular readership, still has a satisfactorily solid content and something new to impart. It is a pity that the title of this English version has shifted the emphasis which is better expressed in the original Italian title, *Carte romane nelle monete dell'Impero*. For the reader, expecting a full-scale treatment on the lines of the recent *Greek Coins* by Kraay and Hirmer, will be disappointed. The substance is really that of the sub-title "art and technique" in Roman Imperial Coins.

This is a theme which has hitherto received all too little attention. An introduction by Rutilio Bianchi Bandinelli considers medallist art through the four centuries of empire,

with thoughts on its relation to art forms, and traces the influence and effect of Hellenistic upsurge of "plebeian" or popular art, and the beginnings of that that was to become Byzantine. Laura Breglia's discussion of a few coins reinforces and expands these developments, and adds of more general interest in the latest pieces.

In a book of this nature the illustrations are of prime importance: the central theme and title, but as so often in Roman art studies, a disproportionate attention is directed to the standard of the material. Surely the subject is art, and much greater care and should have been expended in securing the very best examples. The condition of the coins used scarcely warrants the appreciation the point made by the

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## Surviving Berlin

MARGRET BOVERI: *Tage des Überlebens*. 337pp. Munich: Piper. DM19.80.

This is a unique and valuable record, "the days of survival", by a leading German journalist, of the closing stages of the Second World War, and the early months of the Allied occupation, as observed in Berlin. Margret Boveri may be compared with Dame Rebecca West in two respects. Both have felt the fascination of treason. Frau Boveri's *Treason in the Twentieth Century*, published in 1956 (English translation in 1961) praises the "brilliance" of Rebecca West's *Mentality of Treason*, first published in 1949, and acknowledges certain debts to this work, but differs from it in several judgments. The second comparison is that Rebecca West has often shown herself a superlative reporter, a journalist of genius, one might say. Frau Boveri gained a high reputation as foreign editor or correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt* and then the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a fact that proves her liberal outlook. When the latter paper, so long tolerated, even with its Jewish staff-members, was at length suppressed by the Nazi government in 1943, Frau Boveri deliberately elected to leave Lisbon, where she had been reporting on America, and transfer herself to Berlin, where she had an apartment, and to Teupitz, not far from the city, where she had a country cottage, and was able to store her copious documentary material accumulated during her varied journalistic career in several countries. She was fully aware of the dangers from the ever intenser Allied bombing of the capital, and the distinct possibility that all eastern Germany might soon be overrun by the Russian armies. But she was proud of her vocation, and later, calmly reporting on the full horror and ruin that fell on Berlin, she reflected that perhaps her endurance owed something to her calling, making it easier for us to survive because at the back of our minds is always the thought "now, just how should I describe this?"

Frau Boveri's reporting was in letters, which were subject to German censorship, sent to friends in Switzerland, the first dated February 3, 1945, the last September 9, of the same year. By when she had, after tremendous efforts, found means to travel in divided Germany. For more than twenty years Frau Boveri held back the book from publication, as she did not want it to be exploited in the Cold War against the Soviet Union, the blame for which, to a considerable extent, she puts on the United States. The appalling conditions she describes, however, gradually faded into distant history; obviously tapping and looting by a triumphant and often intoxicated soldiery were not exclusively Russian. So the book now appears with the original reporting intact, but with many corrections and additions interpolated in the light of later knowledge, after she had had the opportunity, for example, to consult back numbers of *The Times* and meet foreign friends and former colleagues.

The story is a cool and unemphatic display of courage, endurance and adaptability. During the bombing Frau Boveri consoled herself with records of Bach, reading Virginia Woolf or H. G. Wells, Goethe and Rilke. She listened to the B.B.C., keeping her set turned very low. When the bombing and shelling stopped and the Russian occupation began Frau Boveri's mind was concentrated on her own and her neighbours' efforts to maintain the primitive cooking arrangements she had contrived in a tumbledown house, to get drinkable water and food of any kind, also prevent the Russian soldiers from stealing her bicycle—their predilection for bicycles and watches ("Ur, Ur!", they would shout) became notorious. At one point she was glad enough to hack meat from a dead but still warm horse in the street, and reflected that this was better than in Paris in 1871. She noted, but could not explain why, the many suicides were more frequent in the country than in the city. She records that in one district she knew only one woman who escaped rape.

One day, so she recalled, she noticed that Russian soldiers were writing the street signs in Russian letters. Did this mean a long, even a permanent stay? At the time she was convinced that the communists would take over the whole of Berlin. She contrasted the clear, unified and purposeful Russian policy towards the Germans with the fumbling and disunited Allies, the rigidity and ignorance of psychological factors shown particularly by the Americans, who "have never taken the trouble to understand just what National Socialism really was, on its good as well as its evil side". The communiqué at the end of the Potsdam Conference depressed everyone, but stimulated the writer to reflections on the future of Europe, in which she hoped to see the evolution of a form of government which combined modern technique and collective planning with individual freedom. During the occupation Frau Boveri wrote that American standardization and repression of personal values was as bad as with the Russian, but she later revised this view, in America's favour.

When at last the Germans, and especially the Berliners, were able to overcome their numb horror and fatalistic inertia induced by their appalling material and moral conditions, they displayed once more their irrepressible vigour and drive, "which made them so unpopular", and their determination to get a roof over their heads, warmth and food for their bodies. "A summation of private egoisms", says Frau Boveri, "and not the correct application of an economic theory, produced the German 'economic miracle'." Only a few years after the defeat the Berliners were surprised to find themselves eulogized for their heroism and devotion to freedom. All they had done, however, was to determine never to allow their self-confidence to be entirely extinguished. The change of the "Cold War" brought them generous material help from the west; the writer leaves open the question whether this was to prove an advantage for the moral health of the nation.

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## Upside down

ERICH SEGAL: *Roman Laughter*. 229pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 6s. 6d.

The publishers of *Roman Laughter* announce that it is the first book in English on Plautus alone. This is a high and interesting claim, which cannot be checked from the bibliography because there is none, but seems as far as the present reviewer's memory serves, to be true. If so, it is a remarkable state of affairs, because Plautus was one of the giants—besides being, as we are reminded, Rome's most popular playwright.

The main stumbling-block has been the nature of his sense of humour. Jokes and their savour over the years, and opinions differ, for example, about whether Shakespeare's are still funny or not. Often the jokes of Plautus need lengthy footnotes or are all too painfully simple and need no footnote at all.

But even if that, from our point of view, is on the debit side, we do not by any means have to limit ourselves to the sad observation that his humour is historically important, because his uproarious vitality still gleams, as Mr. Segal points out, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, which fuses three Plautus plays into one, delighted Broadway audiences for almost a thousand performances, repeated its triumph throughout the world and was made into a film. And, as Mr. Segal goes on to say, "Horace might boast that

he created a monumentum aere perennius, but Plautus created a perennial gold mine."

Mr. Segal has performed the by no means trifling task of making this achievement credible and understandable. Once we have recovered from the report in the *New York Times* that his students feel that he "does for Latin what Christ did for Lazarus", it becomes clear to us that Plautus has found a good interpreter. He knows about the entertainment business, because he has written a Richard Rodgers libretto and has collaborated with the Beatles. But he has also done scholarly work, and edited a composite book about Euripides and translated some of Plautus. A lot of excerpts from his translations appear here, and they strike an individual and entertaining note, avoiding that depressingly forced, facetious tone which so often bedevils the translations of ancient comedies.

The gist of Mr. Segal's argument is that the essence of Plautus's theme consists of his ludicrous inversions of the values and respectability of everyday Roman society. This gets us away from the rather tedious, though no doubt necessary, analyses of what is and is not Plautine (Roman) and un-Plautine (Greek) in these plays. Instead we are persuasively invited to see deliberate slips in the fuse at Roman tradition and decorum in the rude remarks Plautine heroes make, for example, about their parents and tutors and the institution of matrimony. He himself, as we are reminded, is the first to assure us that

the good old Roman father plays are *pullulane*, stories for boys, unrelated (except by tradition) to orthodox Roman education. A holiday spirit prevails. Fun is poked at stinky, un-mindful Romans and Malvolus-minded Romans and Malvolus-minded Romans.

The central and most valuable principle of the book indicates that master relationship which plays a significant part in these comedies. As in medieval holidays, the concept is the inversion of status. We are reminded that Bergomont of inversion is of all comic techniques, topsy-turvydom, of slave and master. Plautus is discussed at length in the light of this idea, and a useful conclusion is reached.

In the course of this process are given an opportunity to understand the apparent paradox of slaves with the violent physical punishment of slaves which seems to be the less attractive feature of the play. The playwright emerges from examination in a fairly sunny light, though the same cannot be said of the society of Roman Rome.

Previous writers have treated these matters, but there is a new and yet not un-chaotic light about Mr. Segal's approach. It seems a paradox that such a playwright as Plautus was so difficult to popularize, but in the case all the same, Mr. Segal is one of the few who have done the job, and *Roman Laughter* is a success.



















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